

# POTOSI JOURNAL

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Let the Republicans "save Missouri" for a change.

The Roaches like the state payroll so well that Pa Roach is out after the governorship.

Mr. Wilson has no strict accountability stuff to send to Mexico, its all needed for exportation to Germany.

It was the irony of fate that old Victoriano Huerta should die in the country whose flag he refused to salute while was at the head of the Mexican government.

The carelessness with which the Democrats treat their platform promises makes appear that these promises were only intended as "molasses to catch flies."

All a convict in the Missouri penitentiary has to do nowadays to win his freedom is to sing "Mr. Johnson, Turn Me Loose," and I'll remember you at the primary.

We have far chance of expanding our ocean shipping during this war while we let England tell us what we may ship, how we may ship it, and where we may ship it.

Have you noticed how the size of that dollar's worth of sugar continues to dwindle under the rule of the Democratic party which promised to cut down the high cost of living?

The leap year proposal the Republican Party is going to make Uncle Sam this year will be accepted without any coy hesitation from false modesty. He is ready to jump at the chance.

President Wilson flies off the handle easily when the Germans sink a ship with an American citizen or two on board, but he sticks remarkably tight to it while the Mexicans are killing Americans in bunches of fifteen twenty. His attitude in this respect leads us to the conclusion that the life of an American citizen in Mexico is of far less importance to him than the life of an American citizen on board of a ship of the Allies.

A year or so ago when President Wilson announced that he was opposed to any greater military preparedness than we now have, all his partisan admirers eulogized. "That's the stuff," there's policy for you, sound Democratic doctrine, that. Stand by Wilson and save the country from militarism." Now, however, since the presidential weathercock has shifted around to a preparedness for national defense and advocates a big navy and a big army, his eulogists are repeating their old song in admiration of that policy. This goes to show that mankind hasn't progressed so very far after all from the days when the sycophants around the throne bailed each king who sat on it as the greatest ever.

It is reported that Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo has altered the system of book-keeping in his department so that liabilities may be brought around in the asset column. This handy trick enables him to make a favorable treasury showing for his pa-in-law's administration. Congressman Forney of Michigan commented on this arrangement in a speech in the House one day recently as follows:

Your Treasury today is in a chaotic condition. Your Treasurer has changed the manner of bookkeeping in the United States Treasury; and if there were a national bank within the limits of the United States today that would adopt the manner of bookkeeping such as has been adopted in the Treasury of the United States, the bank examiner, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, would have every man connected with that bank in jail within 24 hours.

One of our Democratic ex-senators suggests that President Wilson might put a little more "pop" in his notes to England. The suggestion is a good one.

try and Great Britain is the controversy over austral foreign commerce reminds us of an old almanac joke that ran about like this: A boy had a bull pup that he wanted to bring up as a fighting dog, so he induced his old father to get down on all fours and growl at the pup. The pup, nothing loath, promptly grabbed the old man by the nose and began dragging him around the yard, while the boy danced around, calling out excitedly, "Hear it, dad, hear it! It'll be the makin' of the pup." Now, every time England gives Uncle Sam the boot in the matter of the shipping dispute, the manions manufacturers here gather around the aggrieved old gentleman crying, "Stand for it Sam, stand for it! It means prosperity for us." And your Uncle Samuel meekly turns up his coat tails and braces himself for the next jolt that makes the teeth of the spirit of our national independence rattle. Under the influence of our war millionaires at Washington the United States has become the vassal of Great Britain.

It is pretty generally conceded by all the farmers who have tried it that sheep raising in this county would be a profitable industry were it not for the loss of sheep to the sheep killing dogs. Why, generally it is the farmers themselves. The very people who recognize the fact that they can make money by keeping a flock of sheep support the agency that makes sheep keeping impossible. There are few farm homes in the county where one or more mongrel pups may not be found, supported as an institution interfering with the farmer's money getting. Between the dog and the almost certain chance of swilling his bank account the farmer seems to prefer the dog. He might raise sheep and keep a dog, too; the right kind of a dog, but, no, he seems instinctively to yearn for the companionship of the pup of questionable parentage and a well developed passion for murdering critters that growl and which really offer him no offense. Besides, the farmer can always get that kind of dog for nothing—there is always great neighborly generosity in the community in that respect—whereas the right kind of a dog, one bred to friendly and peaceful communion with sheep, might cost a few dollars. A small flock of sheep on the farm would easily produce the revenue to pay the farmer's tax bills, but in most cases the farmer dispenses with these revenue producers and pays a tax on his mongrel friend out of other farm revenues. Really, the problem of sheep raising is not one of dogs at all, it is one of the right kind of thinking in farmers who own dogs. As long as that is absent there will be no money in sheep raising here.

## An Indian Story.

An Oklahoma editor tells of an old Indian that came to his office to subscribe for the paper. The editor took the Indian's money, then the Indian wanted a receipt. After making it, the editor asked him why he was so persistent in wanting a receipt. He said: "Me die some time. Go to gate and St. Peter ask if I been good Indian. I say, yes. He say, you pay your debts? I say, yes. He say, did you pay editor of Chieftain paper? I say, yes. He say, where is receipt? I don't have it. I have to run all over hell to find yop and get receipt."

## When Mercury Went Down.

Little Willie from the mirror All the mercury licked off, Thinking in his childish manner It would cure his whooping cough. At the funeral Willie's mother Sadly said to Mrs. Brown, "Twas a chilly day the Willie When the mercury went down."

## Society Should Play Fair.

Two murders of infants have been committed by two different girls in St. Francois County within the past ten days in a foolish effort to hide their shame. These girls, whose minds no doubt were temporarily derailed by the thought of a wrecked life, must face a lone the terrible charge of murder and the ostracism which follows, while the man in the case, after the excitement subsides, will in the usual order of things be welcomed back into the bosom of the society in which he had been wont to mingle. But the girl. What of her? She is forever uncast and her shame will follow her to the grave, while the infamously scoundrel who brought about her downfall is allowed to go unscathed over the robbery of that which once taken is gone forever—a woman's honor.

If society played fair and meted out to the man who, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, are the real culprits where a girl strays from the path of virtue, the same measure of ostracism it accords the girl, such crimes would be unknown and the honor of the home would be held inviolate.—Lead Belt News.

## Stock Parade Shows

### Value of Good Sires.

Probably no parade in the world has ever represented so many prize-winning and state and world record animals as the one educational institution that was seen by Farmers' Week visitors at the College of Agriculture of the University of Missouri at Columbia last week.

The parade was to show that what the College of Agriculture has done, with a few good animals, any individual breeder of moderate means may do. The entire Hampshire flock, for example, was bred from three Hampshire sires and the Holstein herd, one of the finest in the country, was descended from three cows purchased for about \$300 in 1902. This herd now produces thirty-six cows that could not be replaced for \$10,000 and that have produced surplus stock which sold for \$2,115 in cash, while the milk more than supported the herd.

The parade was led by Honorable, the imported Percheron stallion, a sire of many prize winners, followed by sixteen other draft horses. Among these were Josephine 22,704 and three of her foals which are owned by the College of Agriculture. Three others have been sold for \$1,100. Among the dairy cows was Grace Briggs, probably the holder of the world's lone distance record. So far as is known, no other cow has ever equalled her production of nearly 12,000 pounds of milk and 6,000 pounds of butter in sixteen years that she has been in milk. She was bred by the dairy department of the college.

With the exception of one animal, all the hereford cattle in the parade were those raised on the University farm. The larger part of the herd is descended from two cows purchased in 1904. Among the sheep, the most striking lesson was in the exhibit of the different crosses of a medium priced pure bred ram and grade western ewes. The daughters and grand daughters of the typical, ninety-pound western ewes looked so much like the pure-bred sheep that in many cases they could hardly be distinguished.

The entire parade was designed to show the value of good sires on the stock farm.

Feeds Hunt Him Thirty-Five Years. A conscience-stricken citizen of Forest Grove surprised Dunham Wilson of Millville, aged ninety-one years, by inclosing in a letter a \$1 bill. The note accompanying the bill stated that about thirty-five years ago, when Wilson lived at Forest Grove, two of his chickens strayed to the writer's property and he confiscated them. The writer said that he had had no peace of mind for a number of years and that he now wanted to see his conscience by making the restitution. The note was not signed, and Wilson does not recall the incident of losing the chickens.—Millville (N. J.) Star.

## Health Cards—Grippe.

For the last five or six weeks, the country, from one end to the other has been experiencing an epidemic of what is generally known as grippe.

Symptoms are those of a severe cold with more or less sore throat, cough, pains in the head and about the body. In some cases the symptoms are quite persistent. It seems certain that the great majority, at least, of these cases are not true grippe. Some bacteriologists have reported finding Streptococcus in the throat and not the bacillus which causes grippe. Nevertheless, the prevention is exactly the same for such a case as for the true grippe.

The disease is actually contagious. Contagion takes place most readily by direct contact. The more intimate and prolonged this contact, the greater the danger of contagion. Persons should avoid crowds as much as possible and it is necessary to be with those suffering from the symptoms which have been described, they should insist as far as possible upon such persons keeping at a respectful distance. While coughing or sneezing, the person afflicted should keep the mouth and nose covered with the handkerchief. Kissing, especially, should be avoided. The habit which many patients have of blowing the noses of family or children in the same handkerchief should not be practiced.

There is no specific which will prevent the cold. The best methods of prevention are a good diet, consisting of nutritious, but light foods, the use of the cold bath daily sleeping with a abundance of fresh air and the avoidance of extremes of all kinds. Especially to be avoided is prolonged overworking in closed study rooms and railroad trains. Avoid undue exertions in the laboratory. Those recommended for the relief of such symptoms as aches, stiffness, colds, coughs, etc., should be used. The Department of Preventive Medicine, University of Missouri, Columbia.

## Are You a Lead Hound or Just a Believer?

We have long followed the Iowa lead hound, but a day or two in fact as we were traveling through a winter-chilled country we talked of our daily dogs. In the course of our conversation, he told us the following story:

"I was raised in a rather tough and lively country, among people with a great store of wealth. We had three neighbors, brothers, who were very fond of hunting, particularly foxes, and each of them had hounds, sixteen in all. I would show a horn to call them together to start out on a fox hunt. The fox frequently went across the corner of my father's farm. I was only a youngster then, and, like most youngsters, was a close observer. One thing I noticed was that the fox never got very far ahead of the hounds. He seemed to rather enjoy having them chase him. (The Ettrick Shepherd, according to Christopher North, a famous Scotch novelist of an early day, seems to have noticed this same thing.—Editor.) I noticed also that the lead hound was about the only one that got close to the fox, and sometimes one or two others, while the rest of them were apparently lost, and would jump on logs and fences, look and sniff, as if asking, Where is it, anyhow? But they kept bellowing all the time. Then the thought came to me: Are you going to be a lead hound, or just a believer? And in different periods of my life, when I was up against a big thing, I would ask myself: Are you a lead hound, or just a believer?"

This was an interesting story, and it has a very wide application. The lead hound evidently has a good nose, and keeps right on the trail. He is always on the job. He bellow, of course, but it is intelligent bellowing. He is a close observer, not of the fox, but of the trail, which he follows not by sight but by scent. He knows that it will get him to the fox, by and by, unless that fox has a hole

within handy reach, where it can get out of his way. If the fox is caught, the lead hound usually does the killing, while the rest do the bellowing. He has confidence in himself, in his sense of smell, in his ability to get there. His better scent, his long experience, and his observation get him to the game first. He bellow, as all hounds do, but intelligently, and does not wear himself out with mere bellowing.

Men are a good deal like a pack of hounds. They must have a leader; and they learn after a while to follow an intelligent leader after they find that he has a better nose, a better head and better legs than they have. What the farmers of the corn belt need is enough lead hounds; in other words, wise and intelligent leadership—men who have insight, which answers to scent in the hound, men who have observed to good purpose, who have good judgment, and confidence in that judgment, and who learn lessons from experience, both their own and that of other people. These are the ones that get the game. It is a hard thing to be a lead hound. It never pays to be a mere bellower, bellowing never gets the game.—Wallace's Farmer.

## SUBSTITUTE FOR MEAT

PEOPLE OF UNITED STATES TURN TO VARIOUS WHEAT PRODUCTS.

Are Beginning to Realize the Value of Such Foods as Macaroni, Etc., Which Make for Health and Financial Saving.

As far back as history records, wheat has been the main food element of the human race, and today, as in the time of King Pharaoh, the products made from this grain figure largely in the sustaining of life the world over.

In the United States, we have confined the use of wheat largely to making flour for breadstuffs, and until recent years, have overlooked the use of it in making one of the most healthful, savory and nourishing of foods that would grace our tables, viz., macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli, noodles and kindred products.

For centuries Europeans on the shores of the Mediterranean sea have used macaroni and spaghetti as their principal article of diet, and these people are today the hardest races in the world. The hardiness of Americans taking up this food product has been largely due to the surplus production of wheat, but for the past few years this surplus has actually changed to a shortage, caused by the passing of the large ranches and cheap grazing lands, and meats have been mounting higher and higher in the scale of prices until meat dinners are fast becoming a luxury. This condition will never be changed—the day of cheap meats in the United States, as in Europe is forever behind us, so we must find a substitute that is equally as meritorious and nutritious as an article of diet.

Macaroni or spaghetti can be cooked in such a variety of ways that the heartiest or most fastidious palate can be pleased—with cheese, with tomatoes, oysters, cheap cuts of meat, mushrooms, fish, eggs or cream, the most toothsome dishes can be prepared and a perfectly balanced meal served in this one dish alone, and that, too, at a financial saving to the good housewife that makes her smile with satisfaction.

One reason for the growing popularity of macaroni products in this country is the fact that large and spotlessly clean American factories have been built during the past few years for the manufacture of the finest quality of macaroni and spaghetti the world has yet produced. Until recently Italy and France were the only nations turning out such products; but Durum wheat, from which macaroni products are made, grows to greater perfection in the middle Western states than in any other place on the globe, even surpassing the product of Russia, from whence the seed was imported by the United States department of agriculture several years ago.

The Durum wheat, which is richer in gluten than any other variety, is ground into what is technically termed by millers "semolina," a fairly coarse flour made from the berry of the wheat, from which only the outer covering, or bran, has been removed. This is mixed with pure water and kneaded into a dough in large machines. The dough is put into hydraulic presses and comes out through dies in a variety of shapes. The product is then put through a curing process in humidors and drying rooms which must be maintained at a specific degree of humidity and temperature, and finally is packed in dust and moisture-proof cartons and boxes.

The American system of manufacturing macaroni and spaghetti is so clean, so efficient, and so much superior to the foreign process that it is small wonder the ordinary housewife here are quickly adopting this most healthful and as one of their staple articles of diet, and it is not too much to predict that these products bearing the label "Made in U. S. A." will be found in one the world's greatest meat markets.

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